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yd, wide value 30., special at kERREN REVERSIBLE HRUSSELS RUGS— fery desirable quality, geometrical designs; ex-ellent values; 22x30 in., 549c.; 30x60 in., 1.10; 30x68

GRANTE ART SQUARES Oriental in coloring and effect heavy and durable. Values unusua

and effect heavy and durable. Values unusually yds., 1.75; 2x2% yds., 2.25; 2x3% yds., 2.25; 2x3% yds., 2.75

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APARTMENT HOUSE RE-FRIGERATORS, as per cut, all hard wood, brass trim-nings, this week 9.48 Regular value, \$14.50; 9.48 others as low as \$5.89. Send for Booklet.

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VILLA SUIT with strong maple frames in forest green finish fance

Very strongly made: hard wood



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or atribingly graceful and desirable design with highly polished malogany finish rame selected amboguny veneered arms

apring seat uphoisters, n fancs attrac

13.75 UPHOLSTERY DEPT.

RUFFLE NET LACE CURTAINS, 3 YARDS LONG—best quality bobbinet regular value \$1.75, special CUBTAINS, extra quality Scotch lace, \$, 354 and 4 yards; floral and real lace effects; regular value \$1.50, special 79e; regular value \$2.25; EPECIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO hooks, size 635, 84c.; 8x8, 1.12; 10x8
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COTTAGE CHINA—Cottage set, 42 pieces; very 2.98 pretty decoration: all gold lined, at only.

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TAKES THE ETERNAL CITY.

barian Invasions and Past Glories Re-

at Vatican-Italians and Yankee Skill.

ment of war horses, &c., thought the bar-

Memories of stories told in their youth

of Hannibal, who with his army of invaders

of Huns and Goths, and even of modern

French troops. All these memories caused

the men who wave the white cross of Savoy

to shudder with fear and to demand cre-

dentials of this horde of strangers. This

rumor of a barbaric host was denied later.

and the detention of Il Buffalo at the frontier

was explained by the illness of his horses

and the necessary examination by veterinary

surgeons; but we like to believe the bar-

Most cities prepare for a circus or a Wild

West show with much brilliant advertising,

by flaming posters, by extravagant news-

paper notices: It is not so in Rome; all

things which come to her must have a his-

torical foundation and, be of the stuff of which she has approve in centuries gone

One mild poster was placed on some Roman walls, with Il Buffalo in the centre

supported by a few Cossacks and a few

Indians, which latter the Romans adore by

the name of Pelli Rossi. The papers pub-

lished Historical accounts of the games and equestrian sports which, from the sixteenth

and seventeenth century down to the present

Colosseum or under the shelter of Monte

Testaccio, or in the Piazza di Spagna, the

A Pamphili carried off the honors in 1805, a

Rospigliosi in the last part of the seven-

teenth century, while the Duke Sforza Cesarini and the Marchese Massimi won the

contests in 1747 in the Piazza Barberini. In

1770, in an amphitheatre constructed in the

wonderful grounds of the Villa Ludovisi,

now a modern quarter of stucco hotels and

willings, the Prince Don Gaetano Boncom-

pagni Ludovisi held a feeta long to be re-

membered in history, where cardinals as well as princes formed an admiring audi-

Since 1770 there has been little in the may of equestrian shows except those to

way of equestrian shows except those to which the general public are not admitted, the bi-annual exhibition at Tor di Quinto, where the Italian cavalry perform feats at which even the Cossicks would look with awe. Thus were all the Romans reminded of their days of former grandeur, thus were the nobles reminded of their traditional love of horses, and thus was the Church reminded that equestrian shows in Lent were of the utmost benefit to the clergy.

clergy.

At half past 11 of the morning when
Il Buffalo came to town, a luncheon to the
Roman press took place at the little restau-

rant near the station, the host being the secretary of Buffale Eill. The story of his life and the lives of all his friends and the

audachy and the bravery of Colonello Cody, with the eating of a few metres of spa-

Piazza del Populo, or the Piazza delle Terme.

These games, to be sure, were held in the

day, have delighted the Romans.

scending into Italy.

barians had come again.

barian story.

Accommodation Accounts. Liberal Terms to Suit Everybody.

The luncheon guests had the post of honor and their easy going Italian souls were stirred within them as they saw the wonderful precision and marvellous rapidity and, shove all, the silence with which the men unloaded the cars, arranged the wagons, harnessed the horses and filled each wagon with its appointed load. Everything was accomplished according to the methods of the American army, and the Italians, slow moving and voluble in all they do,looked on in deep amazement.

Of all the "most arduous riders" the Indians won the greatest approval. They Becognize Buffalo Fill's Wild West?-Barcalled-Cowboys at St. Peter's, Indians ROME, May 8 .- The Roman journals had settled themselves down to the quiet re-

can cousin, only more quiet, clinging to the marble pillars of some church, or gazing from the foot of the Servian wall, that bit cidentale di Guglielmino Buffalo was deof wall, that bit of wall, that bit of wall which has watched the arrival of all Rome's guests, whether they were invited or uninvited. The Yankees, their coat collars turned up, their derbies over their eyes, drove the superb horses, and looked somewhat contemptuously at the "dagoes" by the street corners and on the sidewalk The reporters were aroused from their lethargy, the small boys rejoiced, and Rome prepared for the event. The peaceful guardians of Italian duties on the frontier, seeing these trains full of wild men, Indians and Cossacks, and with them the full equip-

"dagoes" by the street corners and on the sidewalk.

The men on the street corners, with their capes crossed over the left shoulder, their broad hats over their eyes, or the drivers of the water carts, standing like charioters on their little two wheeled vehicles, looked also somewhat contemptuously at the Yankees. "Those men could drive, yes, but were they not savages until a cousin Spaniard discovered them, while they, the watchers, were Romani of Rome; could there be anything greater?"

The reporters, seeing the cavalcade well under way, hastened to the Hotel Continental to pay their respects to II Buffalo: "Time had not changed the elegance of his figure or altered the pure lines of his aristocratic face—he had conserved the complete elasticity of his limbs, had guarded his eagle eye and his firm pulse which had won him renown in the field and on horseback."

Thus the Roman public learned of Buffalo Bill. came to their frightened minds; stories crossed the Alps at this very spot; stories

Thus the Roman public learned of Buffalo Bill.

The next day at 11—the opening performance was at 2:30—crowds began their slow march to the field outside Rome, the spot where in days long gone by the legions which formed the Prætorian Guard had had their camp, and where now Il Selvaggio Occidentale was to take place. Roman cabs, driving here, there and everywhere, pedestrians of every rank in life, and carriages of prince and princess, duke and duchess, the descendants of the Pamphili, the Massimi, the Rospigliosi, the Sforza Cesarini, the Boncompagni-Ludovisi, the living representatives of all Mr. Crawford's novels, the Orsini, and the Colonna, all were going to Buffalo Bill.

The aristocracy of Rome and the democracy of Rome joined hands in honor of America with all the strangers sojourning in Rome. Each nation saw something to

America with all the strangers solourning in Rome. Each nation saw something to admire, but the Americans who were there saw the uniform of their own country's army, saw the waving folds of 'Old Glory, and heard the American music, and a longing came into their hearts, be they expatriots or only dwellers for a day, a longing for their own land.

for their own land.

The diplomatic corps of every country accredited to Rome was represented. Royalty came and the little children of accredited to Rome was represented. Royalty came and the little children of royalty had a performance all to themselves. Our friends the reporters were there in force and rendered such charming accounts in their graceful Italian that those of us who read them felt that we had been part of a medieval tournament. The wonderful, machinelike order of everything, the quiet, especially at meal times, astonished the Italians who lunched with Buffalo. How could so many people work so quietly and so quickly, and how could so many nations dwell together in unity? Was it because no wine was allowed on the table? Was it on account of the American colazione of "beefsteak, ham and eggs and most savory butter cakes, which were rendered deliciously sweet by an application of no less exquisite marmalade?" "Our Latin excitableness, "said the Italians, "cannot understand how so many persons of such widely differing races, where all only speak a single official tongue, the English, can thus be united and controlled. Possibly it depends on the peculiar gentleness of infection which the English idiom possesses, spoken only by the Americans." Thus our often maligned tongue was at last justified.

The Italian public behaved with dis-

lost justified.

The Italian public behaved with discretion and politoness; only once did they transgress. When the Cossacks appeared

BUFFALO INVADES ROME

ghetti, occupied the company until the train came. Then with one accord they rushed to the station.

The rain fell persistently, but nothing dampened the ardor of the onlookers. The luncheon guests had the post of honor and their easy going Italian souls were and their easy going Italian souls were bissed.
"Naturally," said the papers, "the Roman
"Naturally," said the papers, "the Roman

"Naturally," said the papers, "the Roman public saw in this division of Russian cavalry the symbol of autocracy and the record of the violent oppression exerted by these brutal soldiers on the helpless throng, and so the Romans abandoned themselves to the delight of the hiss.

"They were wrong; all these Russians in the company of Il Buffalo are natives of Georgia, for the most part political refugees, and are to be honored. The hisses of the Roman public had lacereted the feelings of the Cossacks, They were dressed, it is

Roman public had lacereted the result, it is the Cosascks. They were dressed, it is true, in the uniform of a Cossack, but of a true, in the uniform of a May

settled themselves down to the quiet recording of Lenten affairs; the world of society had turned from balls to teas; the world of politics, having assisted at the downfall of a Ministry, was in the calmness of the beginning of a new Ministry; neither the Simplon tunnel nor the Milan exposition was ready to be written up; so there was little to record. Suddenly there came the news that Il Selvaggio October of the station in the rain waited the Italian small boy, as eager as his Amercan cousin, only more quiet, clinging to the condensate of the Cosacks who is not a wild animal. May the Rômana make up to the Cosacks the insult they have offered them."

Cosack who is not a wild animal. May the Rômana make up to the Cosacks the insult they have offered them."

The Romans did, by applauding them at each ensuing performance. The little restaurant near the station, which provided the luncheon for the press and the secretary of Buffalo Bill, gave a festa to the Cosacks, when that owned by the Anderson brothers in eastern Idaho. It is doubtful if any was more profitable to make up to the Cosacks the insult they have offered them."

The Romans did, by applauding them at each ensuing performance. The little restaurant near the station, which provided the luncheon for the press and the sever took in \$1,200 before breakfast, or point to the day when the tolls amounted the luncheon for the press and the sever took in \$1,200 before breakfast, when they offered them."

Of all the "most ardious riders" the Rômana make up to the Cosacks the insult they have offered them."

The Romans did, by applauding them at each ensuing performance. The little restaurant near the station, which provided the luncheon for the press and the sever took in \$1,200 before breakfast, when they offered them."

Of Buffalo Bill, gave a festa to the Cosacks, when the volletion and the cosacks and the sever took in \$1,200 before breakfast, or point to the day when the tolls amounted to the cosacks, when the cosacks and the sever took in \$1,200 before brea sume the lacerated feelings of the Cossacks

were soothed.
Rain fell steadily during all the time that Il Buffalo was with us. Rome looked gray and old, her face lined with marks of her life's history. Proudly through her little streets walked the various members of Colonello Cody's family, seeing the sights of Rome. Negroes mingled with the loungers on the Pincio; cowboys, Baedekers in hand, stood awed in the great Basilica of

ers on the Pincio; cowbovs, Baedekers in hand, stood awed in the great Basilica of St. Peter's, whose material greatness made them think of the vastness of the prairies, whence they had wandered to this faraway Rome. The Indians, the tallest, the most superb looking of all, with the firm, strong stride learned in the forests, like veritable conquerors though conquered, walked through the streets of the city.

They bowed before the symbol of the cross in all the churches, for in their own tradition as woven in their rugs is the cross. What its meaning is to them no one knows, but it has a sacred significance. They gazed with awe and surprise at the statues in the Vatican collection, and when they turned again toward the living man, did their little grunt mean "had the white man been as these gods, then we would have worshipped them:

can collection, and when they turned again toward the living man, did their little grunt mean "had the white man been as these gods, then we would have worshipped them; but weak and feeble as they are, could we think of them otherwise than with contempt?"

I wonder what they thought of the Raphael stanze and the Sistine chapel? They were there, many of them, studying the frescoes with the same intentness they would give to searching out a trail in the forest. Did they think of Hiawatha, laughing water, as they passed the fountains of Rome?

Some of them threw coppers into the Trevi, American coppers with their own image stamped on the coin. Here in this mother city of the world, this Roma Æterna, the presence of this race, so inscrutable, so unfathomable, yet of so royal a mien, makes one feel minded that one of the race of barbarians, of whose greatness we have read, had come again to Italy.

Buffalo Bill has gone. He has folded his tents, and with his Indians, his Cossacks, his cowboys, his horses and his impedimenta has departed for the hill towns. His posters are replaced by announcements of the next gala night at the opera.

The memory of the American agility and quietness rests with the Italian reporter. The joy of the tournament rests with the Italian small boy, who plays at Il Selvaggio Occidentale in all the streets. The memory of the Indian in his stately grandeur stays with all who have seen him, and we shall return to our study of the barbarian invasion with fresh vigor.

The journals alone feel the reaction; they have returned to the accounts of the quiet life of teas and a new Ministry.

### Lamentable Ignerance.

From the Buffalo Evening News. was visiting day at the kindergarten and the young teacher was proud of her little pupils as they went through their drills and exercises and beamed with pleasure and exercises and beamed with pleasure at the appreciation shown by the visitors, who applauded generously. Then came the lesson and the teacher announced the subject "Children," she said, "to-day we are going to learn about the cat, and I want you to tell me what you know about it. Tommy, how many legs has the cat?"

"Four," replied Tommy, proudly consclous of rectitude.

"Yes, and, Daisy, what also has the cat?"

of rectitude.

"Yes, and, Daisy, what else has the cat?"

"Claws an' tail," murmured Daisy, shyly.

Various other portions of feline anatomy were ascertained and finally the instructress turned to one of the latest acquisitions to the kindergarten and said, sweetly:

"Now, Mary, can you tell me whether the cat has fur or feathers?"

With scorn and contempt, mingled with a vast surprise, Mary said:
"Gee, teacher, ain't you never seen a cat?"

# FORTUNE FROM A TOLL BRIDGE

\$1,200 TAKEN IN OF A MORNING RY THE ANDERSONS.

As Much as \$5,000 Collected in a Day-The Bridge Was Over the Snake River and Much of the Commerce of Eastern Idahe and Montana Had to Pass Over It.

Of all the toll bridges in the United States it is doubtful if any was more profitable than that owned by the Anderson brothers

refused to be reconstructed sought seclusion in what was then the almost unknown country of the Snake River Valley, in eastern Idaho. Among them was a man named Taylor, who settled at a point now covered by the village of Idaho Falls.

The Snake is one of the most treacherous rivers in the United States, its tortuous course being a succession of eddies and under currents, into which many people have unsuspectingly gone to their death. At the point where Taylor settled the river bed is contracted to a narrow channel between high walls of lava rock, through which the stream rushes. Two channels have been cut, between them being a high natural pier of rock. The western channel is about eighty feet wide, the eastern one less than forty.

Soon after Taylor settled there the march of civilization began to turn people northward from the California trail across the northern part of Utah, to seek fortunes in the Territory of Montana. In making this journey it was necessary to cross the Snake There were few places where it could be safely forded and even ferries were out of the question during the high water season, which lasts from the middle of June to the middle of August, the season when travel was the heaviest.

It was easy for Mr. Taylor to construct a wo span wooden bridge acress the contracted channel, using the natural pier. The bridge afforded a safe and easy passage of the dangerous stream, for which freighters, trappers and ranchers were glad to pay Taylor tribute.

Taylor soon tired of the toll bridge and was glad to sell it to his two brothers-inlaw, J. C. and Robert Anderson, like himself Confederate veterans. They bought the bridge at just about the time when the Union Pacific Railroad was constructed across the northern part of Utah, and the development of the great mining industries of Montana was begun.

Practically all the machinery and supolies of the men who were developing Montara and eastern Idaho came by the Union Pacific and had to be freighted from some point on that line in wagons. In this way resulted the great Corinne freight trail, leading from Corinne, the most northern station on the Union Pacific in Utah, down the Malad Valley, up the Snake, across the sandy desert of the Camas prairie, over the Bitter Root Mountains, to Butte, Anaconda, Helena and other settlements in Montana.

The Corinne trail naturally crossed the Snake River at Andersons' bridge. The Anderson brothers bought the bridge just in time to be ready to reap the harvest of the golden decade of the Corinne trail.

Although the trail has practically been abandoned for a quarter of a century, its ruts, in many places more than foot deep, can still be followed for miles acress the sandy, sage brush desert of eastern Idaho, where irrigation and agricultural improvements have not obliterated them.

Together with their bridge business, the Anderson brothers established a small log store on the river bank at the eastern end of the bridge. Although a public iron bridge long ago took the place of their wooden structure, their wholesale and retail general store and bank still remains, as it has been for more than a third of a century. Anderson brothers bought the bridge just

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\$25 WORTH OF MUSIC. ONE AEOLIAN ORGAN-Slightly used, in perfect repair, including a large quantity of music.
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Idaho.

The bridge was approached from the east by a narrow way dug between the black lava rock, making a passage so narrow that it was impossible for two teams to pass at that point. The toll to cross the bridge varied according to the season. During low water it was possible for freighters, with considerable risk, to cross the river at other places by fording or by using their wagon boxes as boats for ferrying across their freight and swimming

ing across their freight and swimming At such times the toll was reduced to

using their wagon boxes as boats for ferrying across their freight and swimming their stock.

At such times the toll was reduced to \$1 a wagon, but generally it was 20 or \$3 a wagon. The regular toll for pedestrians was 25 cents, for droves of cattle \$1 a head and for flocks of sheep 25 cents a head.

It sometimes happened that droves of \$,000 to 6,000 sheep or 1,000 or more cattle were driven across the bridge, making it possible for the Anderson brothers to collecte in a single day more in tolls than the average man's salary for a year. It was referring to a morning when he collected toll for a drove of nearly 5,000 sheep that J. C. Anderson once remarked:

"I have taken in more than \$1,200 on that bridge before breakfast; but it was rather a late breakfast."

The freighting was done in great wagon trains, one or two men driving a train of from four to ten wagons fastened together like a train of cars, each wagon loaded with several tons of freight, and at the head of the train from six to twelve teams of oxen, horses or mules for motive power. For safety and companionship the freighters frequently travelled together, a company of eight or ten or even more such trains being banded.

Many were the controversies that resulted between the freighters and the bridge tender. The freighters frequently objected to what they considered the exorbitant tolls charged by "Old J. C.," as the Anderson brother who usually tended the bridge was always known.

When such differences arose Mr. Anderson would quietly inform the freighters that they did not have to cross his bridge unless they so desired. When one considers the warmth of some of these disputes and the wild and woolly times in which they took place it is remarkable that the history of Anderson's bridge does not contain more tragedy.

Sometimes a stubborn freighter would get his unwieldy ten ox team wagon train down into the cut at the eastern end of the bridge toll.

"Old J. C." would calmly fill his pipe and sit down to read Shakespeare, expiressing his purpose pa

the leading commercial enterprise of eastern Idaho.

The bridge was approached from the east by a narrow way dug between the black long as he would in their efforts to prevent paying such an exorbitant toll. Sometimes such controversies resulted in threats of violence against the bridge tender, but there was something in the steel gray eyes of "Old J. C.," as he calmly puffed away at his great Dutch pipe and stroked his long, flowing beard, that discouraged all attempts to put such threats into execution.

attempts to put such threats into execution.

One time such a blockade was maintained by a single obdurate freighter for three days, during which several hundred wagons and teams congregated on both sides of the river, unable to proceed until peace was declared. Occasionally the other freighters would think it was the driver who should avoid such a blockade by paying his toll instead of holding up all of them on account of what they considered to be his mulishness. Then they would throw his cargoes to one side, drag his wagons backward from the narrow cut and proceed on their way in spite of the threats and profanity of the disciplined member of the profession.

It was only during a few months of the year that the traffic was heavy over the Corinne trail, but when it is considered that as much as \$5,000 was collected in toll in a single day and that frequently the tolls were more than \$1,000 in a day, it is easy to understand that even with a short season Anderson's bridge was a highly profitable enterprise.

It was not alone at the bridge that ob-

It was not alone at the bridge that objections were made to the prices charged by the Andersons. Their store was the principal place for trade in the eastern part of the Territory. To the prices charged for goods on the store counters the cus-

Thus it happened that the freighters objected to paying 25 cents for a single fishhook. But when "Old J. C." explained that it was necessary to charge such prices because of the heavy cost of freight, the numbers had to be content. purchaser had to be content.
Such a gold mine as this could not be worked forever. With the development of Montana the Northern Pacific was built

Montana the Northern Pacific was built to reach that section, and before that, in 1879, Brigham Young succeeded in constructing the Utah Northern Railroad from Salt Lake City to Butte. The construction of this road sounded the death knell of the Corinne trail and practically wiped out the tolls of Andersons' Bridge.

The Anderson brothers maintained the toll bridge for several years after the trail was abandoned, although the revenue from it was small. Late in the '80s the State bought the bridge and erected a free iron structure in its place. structure in its place.

Unearthing Miser's Heard.

From the London Globe. Clermont Ferran is the scene of a curicus

Clermont Ferran is the scene of a curicus case of wealth being brought to light urder unlikely circumstances. A poor man who had for years sold needles and thread in a corner of the market died the other day at the age of 84.

He lived in a cellar, and had always exhibited such abject poverty that two cousins —the only persons belonging to him in the world—showed no good grace about (laiming the dead man or presenting themselves for his funeral. But they are now glad they went. Rummaging about the hovel they displaced a pile of firewood, and under it all—a heard of gold.

The sum was \$5,000, mostly in little packages

of gold pieces—each packet having at the top and bottom a copper coin as a "blind" to prying eyes, and a sack full of crowns.



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